

^Ma^sS"] ^{AND} *PARTHENOPHE.*

SONNETS. 399

For love, all pleasures in a Kiss did lap*

Her eyes did give bright glances. Sight is
no sight, all light with that consume. She
touched my cheek! at which touch, mine heart
dances Mine eyes, in privy combat, did
presume.

Charging my hands, to charge her
middle ; Whilst they threw wounding darts,
and healing lances. She kissed and spoke, at
once, a riddle,

But such sweet meaning in dark sense, As
shewed the drift of her dear sweet pretence,
More pleasing than the chord of harp or lute.
On heavenly cherries then I feed, Whose sap
deliciouser than angels' food, Whose breath
more sweet than gum, herb, flower, or bood,

O kiss ! that did all sense exceed! No
man can speak those joys! Then, Muse, be
mute ! But say ! for sight, smell, hearing,
taste, and touch ; In any one thing, was
there ever such ?



MADRIGAL 17. |Nvious air, all
Nature's public nurse, Lend to my life, no
spirit! Not that I prosper worse Than erst of
yore; for I, the state inherit, Which gods in
Paradise, 'bove man demerit: But for I highly
scorn Thy common vapour should With her
sweet breath immix ! I cannot bear it I Cold
air's infusion cannot be foreborn ; O kiss ! O
soul, which could